



VISIONS OF THE SUN

✧ Poems ✧

MARTHA VIRGINIA BURTON

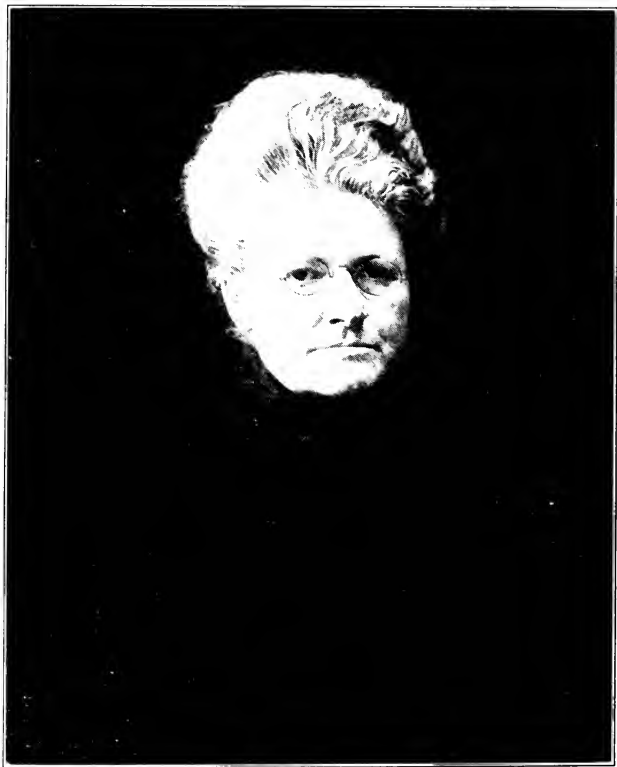


Class PS 1227

Book . B5 S6

Copyright N^o 1957

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



MARTHA VIRGINIA BURTON

SONS OF THE SUN

POEMS

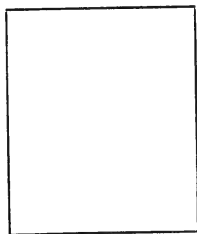
— BY —

MARTHA VIRGINIA BURTON

Author of "Religions on the Midway, a Tale of the World's Fair"

"Peer Gynt and the Ibsen Mystic Drama"

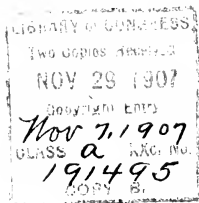
(*In Press.*)



BESSETTE & SON

CHICAGO

1907



Copyright 1907
BY MARTHA VIRGINIA BURTON
All rights reserved

BESSETTE & SON, PRINTERS
CHICAGO

To every American, everywhere, who names his country
with reverence.

September 26, 1907.

—*The Author*

The poet does not wait for the hero and for the sage, but, as they act and think primarily, so he writes primarily what will and must be spoken.

—*Emerson*

CONTENTS

PART FIRST: AMERICA

The Coming Man.....	11	Requiem (Mrs. McKinley)...	16
The American Ideal.....	12	The American Christ.....	17
Winning of the West.....	12	To American Young Women	19
To American Women.....	13	Our Greek Voter.....	21
Making Good.....	14	The Sunday Newspaper.....	22
		Were I the Government.....	25

PART SECOND: THE ALDER BOUGH

Ballad of Prince Olaf.....	35	Where Are They ?.....	46
The Waking of Baldur.....	36	Men of Ur	47
Henrik Ibsen	43	Alder Bloom.....	48
Eduard Grieg.....	44	To Carry With You.....	48
Ee-Kings.....	45	Helgoland	49

PART THIRD: MISCELLANEOUS

Ballad of Babyland	57	Prayer.....	68
New Thought.....	58	Autumn	69
The Temple Voice.....	58	The Flower of Germany.....	69
The Persian Passion.....	59	This World's Gods.....	70
In the Studio	60	To the Reformer.....	72
In the Opera Box....	61	What Have You Done With	
Earth in March.....	62	the Spirit ?.....	72
The Golden Presence.....	63	My Friend and I.....	74
A Little Dedication.....	64	The Future.....	75
Truth's Kingdoms.....	65	The Extra	76
The Building of Man.....	66	As Ego.....	77
		In the Libral.....	77

PART THIRD: MISCELLANEOUS

(*Continued*)

The Coyote's Call.....	78	Art Thou So Poor ?.....	101
In the Toils.....	78	The Elk's Requiem.....	104
Mystical Drama.....	80	In the Park.....	104
The Full of Faith.....	81	The Devil	106
Idealist and Editor.....	82	Hell	107
Pain.....	84	Heaven	108
Alimoniatic	85	The Triangle.....	109
Blue and Gold.....	85	In the Sign of the Great Bear.....	110
The Trade Wind.....	86	The Sentinel	115
Wives and Men.....	88	Possibility.....	115
Under Gold Helmets.....	91	The Editor	116
How Is Man Free ?..	94	Best Times	116
The Golden Goth.....	96	The Presence.....	117
Courage	96	Nature.....	118
Art and Start.....	97	The Artist's Faith.....	118
In Mystic Light.....	98	Hail Poets ! Wake Poets !.....	119
Aspiration.....	100	The Actor	116
Living Truths.....	100	A Ballad of Mexico.....	120
Faith.....	101	The Musician's Love Letter.....	122

SONS OF THE SUN

PART FIRST

AMERICA

AMERICA



THE COMING MAN.

He must have in him the conscience
That will teach him to see right ;
He must have the courage, faith, and hardihood ;
He must be the living banner,
He must be the better light ;
The American must be man making good.

He must know the rights of fellow,
While he helpeth fellow-man ;
He must know that thought and growth are right for all ;
But above the noise of politics,
Of party and of plan,
The American must hear his country's call.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL.

Only the sense of creation
Gives a sense of power ;
This is labor's elation
Over the empty hour.

One she builds her a bonnet,—
And happy—the goddess—she ;
Another the city or sonnet,—
And the great world comes to be.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST.

Written on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to Keokuk, Iowa.
October 1, 1907

O, natural law has its sources,—
They are stored far in the deep ;
They rise in the thunders' forces,
They bless the land with sleep.
They range in the wild life roaring,
They dwell in the hills and the trees ;
And in great rivers' pouring
They promise times like these.

O, the strenuous will, it has sources,—
They are deep in the human breast ;
But they leap like the thunderer's horses
To pull man to his best.
As the great sun pull they steady,
As the great earth swing they true ;
And our west they have made ready
O, spirit of man, for you.

O, the spirit of man has sources,—
It lives when the hands have rest ;
But it pulls like the Greek white horses
To give all men their best.
It speaks for the grand ideal,
When man shall the base o'ercome ;
Till it fetches our great dreams real,
For life, and the state, and home.

TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

AS MAN WOULD SPEAK.

We are giving to women all praise and all due ;
We are crowning you queens, and we all
Mean honor and right and the noble and true,
If you will but help us forestall
The weak in ideal, the lower of tone,
That reach us in luxury's name ;
For the men, as you see, they cannot hold alone,—
And the men, as you see, get the blame.

The thing that our womanhood seems to attain
Is the holding in hand of the fate,
Of morals, of honor, of money, the men,
And the life or the death of the state.
But the thing that we need at your white hand is due,
Sweet courage in self that can light
In moral the life, and in life can renew,
All the old-fashioned notions of right.

You give us of beauty, and well do you prove
Us your tenderest care, but again,
We would not you gave yourselves wholly to love,—
That is the unmaking of men.
So we pledge you in honor, faith, truth, and withal,
In the homes that we need to keep true;
Sweet courage, hope, faith, understanding,—these all
We need,—and we need them in you.

MAKING GOOD.

The fall election's over and the country's saved once
more;
And there may be men now happier or now mightier
than before;
But the man we honor mostly as a man of higher kind,
Is the patient, plodding worker, lovingly at task and
grind.

He's the man that's making good,—
He's the man that's making good ;
He's an honor to his country,—
Any man that's making good.

There's one place for the president,—there's many a place
for you ;
There's many a place that's number one, and others
number two ;
There's the whole big country and its head, then there's
the neighborhood,—
And the power is in the people when the men there can
make good.

Are the men there making good ?
Are the men there making good ?
The power is in the people
Where the men are making good.

Is it hammer, bench or mallet? Is it steam or hew or
saw ?
Is it brush or pen or ballot? Is it books or talk or law ?
Be the worthy man or woman,—push for honest work
and good ;
Be the thing you name ideal, in your little neighborhood.

Be the man that's making good ;
For in every neighborhood
There is some one will be greatest,
For the simply making good.

REQUIEM.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MCKINLEY.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,"
That call'd my soul to, all these fair years long !
I as from thy fields, sitting with hands folded,
Heard all this song.

This song called life,—I astral in far freeing ;
And now, as back to earth, as freely come,
To gaze with others at that still'd, lov'd being—
My erstwhile home.

Could they who pity know the law of graces,
Which man alive full never can control ;
That greater love, which calls from heavenly places,
Calls out the soul !

Could they but know, who not as spirit seeing,
Of what the psychic is ; its power to soar
Into the far abysses of all being,—
As perfumes pour !

That we, still'd light, are sometimes Ida's, glowing
Only but dimly in our Greek eclipse ;
To comprehend the spheres, in cosmic flowing,
Without ellipse.

THE AMERICAN CHRIST.

In the hours of the Christmas morning,—
The fresh of the fair-to-see,—
We leave the sheep-bell's warning
Alone on the Christmas tree ;
Which we do not strip of its southdown
Wholly for baby's hands ;
But so 'twill not burn the house down,
As each one understands.

For that baby do we remember,
Born of the beauteous ray,
On the twenty-fifth of December—
Or some other mid-winter day ;
Who in sweetness and grace and wisdom
As we have not known since then,
Grew and knew and suffered
As the risen Lord of men.

And we hold in this age that his reason
Gave life to the world in the west ;
So we deck his image in season
And knit us the brodered vest.
We name him in mints and in punches,—
We pledge him in crimson wine ;
And in shops and in stuffs and in haunches,
Our dear Lord we define.

And we jewel and bangle and spangle
The old and the young of heads ;
We guage the milk and the mangel
And we get up the lordly spreads.
We wallop the turkey and button
Him up in his coat of dough ;
And with sauce we curry the mutton,
As the Lord would have it so.

And we pluck and we gut and we pickle,
And we scrape us the Christmas tripe ;
And we fix up cushion to tickle
With the gay of the Christmas stripe.
And we ream in the tissue paper
With holly and twine and wax,—
Till baby-ribbon's a caper
More than the Christmas tax.

And we hang up the little stocking
And into it cram some things,
Of cotton and dope and docking
And jingle and teething-rings.
We get a toy gun for brother,
And for sister some wonderful game ;
And thus do we honor each other
At the season of Christ's dear name.

TO AMERICAN YOUNG WOMEN.*

They say that in the Orient, as in the days of old,
There's many a thing you cannot weigh that yet has
worth in gold ;
And one such was in ancient times,—and some they
say, today,
That the human soul could speak to soul in a clear
and friendly way.
And that if one say all his prayers and kneel full oft
to Buhd',
And eat him of the cabbage-leaf and call all people
good,
He's won the seventh principle of life, and therefore can
Go forth and learn just what he will, as an astral-
minded man.

He silent all may walk the streets and, without word,
find out
What is the sad of one he meets, or what's his joy
about.
He looks as on the mind of man, and it smiles back
and gives
Its very soul's own truth to him ; and thus the astral
lives.

* It was lately—in the beginning of the year 1906,—a matter for general newspaper discussion that beautiful and refined young women, in several of our large cities, met with annoying familiarity from strange men in the streets.

All knowledge is, if thought be pure, and life is begun
here
That's to be lived in heavenly realms, and loftier at-
mosphere.
They say there is no end to good the mental will
display
To others, when they meet it thus, who walk this
heavenly way.

Now, if the ladies who do make the sadly, great flim-
flam
About the masher that they meet, would send him out
some calm,
Pure thoughts of heavenly principle, to meet his better
mind,
They'd quickly change his attitude, and the nobler man
would find.
This is the ohm of astral law : "God, good, and broth-
erhood !"
This is the thought to clothe the will, in astral, to
make good ;
And neither man nor woman is misunderstood, who
falls
To speaking to his fellowmen, in these pure and sweet
soul-calls.

OUR GREEK VOTER.

I ask of my Grecian neighbor
If the Christ in him hath slain
All the world of the unworth,
And satisfied domain
Of all that his spirit called for
In a land that is not Greek ;
Since Greece hath not ideal
And the modern dogmas speak ?

He lifted his eyes to remember
Of Athena's temples old,
And he saw the sun regilding
The earth as with flood of gold.
And the answer came : "Our kingdom
Has law as is king's say ;
One is not for a year called chosen,
Then put, like a churl, away.

"And I cannot make out how the Christian,
In the place of the excellent plan,
Can name for the fall election,
As the best of the earth, a man ;
Espouse and install and befriend him,
And hand him the public gold,
To turn next year and rend him,
As the least to deserve its hold."

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.*

We're the Sunday big edition
And it's up to us to say,
We've neither fault nor failure,—
There's nothing we don't play;
Read our advertising pages,—
They will make your fortune yet;
And between them you can read the news
For we're onto it, you bet!
The biggest proposition
Ever made to mortal man,
Is to tell your needs to people
By our special "want ad" plan.
We've today eight hundred pages
And tomorrow will have more;
We've a million circulation; when
You've got that you can soar.
It is just before election,
We're the biggest of our kind,—
Our scarehead stories work all right,—
We're not a step behind.
Our redline is the hottest,—
Our rival's is a bluff;
The man who backs this paper
Is the last to call "Enough!"

* Written and set to the music of Atwater's "Press Club March," for the "Authors' Annual Evening" of the Des Moines Press Club, November, 1904.

The latest from the Russians is
That Colonel Bugaboo
Is thoroughly outgenerated by
The man from Timbuctoo.
Dowie and the Japanese
And a host of other things,
Are rated by Professor Starr
As prehistoric rings.
The election is a deadener
To Wall street business ;
The national committee
Is reported in distress ;
The rooters' season's over,
The horse show is well on ;
Alice Roosevelt's got herself
A new imported gown.
They say that Madame Calve
Has a limited divorce ;
Grover Cleveland's youngest can
Now ride a hobby-horse ;
The King of England's fleshiness
Will some time make him fat ;
They're betting on the future of
The Dalai Llama's cat.

Parker's found the rabbit's foot
That Billie Bryan hid ;
Buster Brown's the merrier
For Foxy Grandpa did-

N't do a thing to Little Willie,—
Ezy Marks they are;
Biddy's big policeman wears
The Katzenjammers' star.
Dooley says that atoms
Are the riskiest of things;
Hypnotism's found to work
In a case of wedding rings.
The Iowa Idea is
Reported on the gain;
Richard Mansfield's got a pug
And he leads it on a chain.
Here's the woman's column
And it's on the Pike to stay;
Woman is our angel,—
At least it looks that way.
The whole world is her kingdom,—
We've acknowledged it before,—
Changing gown and bonnet
Isn't all of it no more.

Our readers are the merriest,
The wisest and the best;
Space and time will not permit us
To put in the rest;
Our advertisers are the ones
To tell you all about
The facts; and if in trouble they'll
Be pleased to help you out.

Peruna tonic is the thing to
Carry in your hand;
When Winslow's soothing syrup fails
Uneda takes a stand.
Postum cereal coffee's good
Enough for those whose food
Is done in handy packages
And the Installment Plan is good.
So wit, philosophy and love
Do through our pages pour,
From north and south and east and west,
And through the earth and o'er;
World's Fair rates are cheaper grown,—
The powers are getting wise;
Call us up by telephone
When you want to advertise.

WERE I THE GOVERNMENT.

For all live by truth and stand in need of expression. * * *
Homer's words are as costly and admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon. —*Emerson.*

Were this an age when fault and hate
Came as dark ravens home,
And folk would turn to altar-rail
To find some higher ohm;

Were this an age when anything
 Could be improved upon,
And to suggest were to give light,—
 Peace to the farther on ;

Sought this age an ideal and
 One for ideals spoke,
Then speak would I with faith of Greek
 Or write with loving stroke,
As for an age when men would learn
 Of seers as sun-ones sent ; —
I'd rise to say how I would shine
 Were I the government.

Then would I, as in temple, ask
 Grace to be understood
While wonder-word from altar-god
 Clear as Apollyon stood ;
I'd say the one thing that we need
 Were not more money pent
To push to wilder speed some thing,—
 Were I the government.

I'd say, were I the government,
 And true were all my men,
As in their truths 'twould name them right,—
 And honored I by them ;
I'd say these people set in states,
 In cities and emprise,—
These hearts and loves, as being thrives,
 Should all be sweet and wise.

If I could help or I compel,
Or I somehow secure
Their best right, all while 'twas my day,
Should have, and hold it sure.
I'd take the past for what it was,—
Worth of experiment ;
And my own build free from its flaws,
Were I the government.

The stream of undigested,
Wildly-leaping, happy life,
Arun to sense, the sensuous,
Gold-getting, passion, strife ;
To nobler will should be divert',
Fetch'd chance of finer end ;
Motived in learning, 'rich'd in faith,—
Ideals that transcend.

For after all the blaze of it
And every light's put out,
The ignorant alone lie down
To death, in rage and flout.
And after all, each man as man,
Has only man's best show,
When bidding's more than eat and vote,
And there is holier glow.

Whate'er one's native country had
As its best racial gift,—
Could do most well, and't came to us
To be our country's lift ;

Never the press should name such one,
Nor any, dastard, scum ; —
They, seed of every ethnic field,
For our future wondrous bloom.

Were I the government I'd take
Some cognizance of soul ;
I'd exalt over sex the mind,
As man's great truth and goal.
Venus were not the only blaze
Above in our blue sky ;
With Christian altar rose the flame
Of love as destiny.

Were I the government I'd look
Were not solution here
For womankind ; that her whole will
Might, free from harsh grind, rear
New temples of the human soul,—
Strongest and chastest good ;
That culture and knowledge be high word,
To wife and motherhood.

Philosophy, art, music, book,
Thought, the patrician tone,—
I'd trace, had I bestower's place,
As woman's truest zone.
I'd magnify, I'd glorify,
Reward, set on in grace,
All such sweet order, beauty's own,
The fine sphere to the race.

Morals are but one kind of glow,—
The spirit life in act ;
While lives in culture, music, art,
Not less the godly pact.
These more than praise of paving-brick
Make for man's high intent ;
As golden, heaven-connecting lines
Toward a real self-government.

Love is much—home-keeping's much,
But willing love is more ;
And asset of refined thought,
Wise tenderness, is store
Too much a need to every race
To be left out the count,
Of any fair ideal tower'd
O'er any age's mount.

And then our wealth,—our great estate,—
Our country's treasure all !
I'd see it through God's given lens,
As His good glories' fall
To earth, that our age leisure should
To stop, to think, to be ;
To find of self the royal whole,—
The immortal entity.

Whoso had wealth, then he should go
All to the thoughtful life ;
Become the teacher, wise, refined,
To silence clash and strife ;

As one the gods had blest, that he,—
And much should know to teach,
With culture, to set mankind free ;—
Leisure's true, golden reach !

As drama all the pattern holds
For bravest life, they say ;—
Buddha, the Christ, the Lily-One,
Brave actors in brave play ;—
Perhaps that fair Greece that we hold
As civics' highest wrest,
Was small white model working through
That man might see the best.



PART SECOND

THE ALDER BOUGH

THE ALDER BOUGH

BALLAD OF PRINCE OLAF.

(1907)

Little Prince Olaf comes riding down,
In cap and feather and broidered gown.
Thou art the babe for the sweet renown,—
O, great will be Prince Olaf !

Over thy cradle the fairy crew
Prophecies wondrous of good life drew ;
Baldur's dream, it should all come true,—
Through thy fair hand, Prince Olaf.

And golden the turrets of Breidablik,
Shall rise for the lordling and build for the meek ;
And men of all nations in love will speak,—
Through thy word, good Prince Olaf.

So here is the heart, the love, the hand,
Of faith from this wonderful western land;
Where the old Norse princes set foot astrand,
In thy Saga-days, Prince Olaf.

And shining the spirits of dead come here,
To kneel by a beautiful, empty bier;
And they say 'tis not I that shall die this year,—
For I sign fair life to Prince Olaf.

THE WAKING OF BALDUR.

When the runes were writ
For the Norden man
By the old myth-gods
Of mind,
'Twas said that many a thing
Had plan
That the full of age
Would find.
And as Odin looked from his
Mountain-height,
All lit of Aurora's
Glow,—
So runneth the tale of that
Vanquished night,

In the runes of the
Long ago ; —
He, great god, saw, as had
Baldur seen
In his dream of a
Future day, —
That man from plight must
Himself redeem
Ere the soul in him
Could sway.

For 'twas writ, —
' Twas runed,
And it had
To be, —
Fair life for
The men
Of the old
North sea !

But Baldur, the Beautiful,
Long lay dead
Neath the dark myth
Hela's rod ;
And the old god-father,
With bended head,
Long wept for his
Fair son-god.
And hate it wholly harried
The kings,

And men made men
 To weep,
While the Beautiful one,
 Of the kindlier wings,
Lay clutched in that
 Awful sleep.
So he plighted him faith with
 The moon and the sun,
And he pledged him the red
 North ray,—
And the sea it rose in its might
 To run
In the great god's cause
 That day.

But all these
 Things
They were writ
 To be,
In the golden
 Times
Of the old
 North sea !

And Odin lighted him
 Millions of sparks,
Which as thoughts to the waves
 He flung ;
And he launched them afree
 As freighted barks,

As the olden runes
Had rung.
And as time and the tides
Resistless were,
So Odin great
He swore
By all of the chained ones
Of power,
To give his kingdom
O'er;
If the waves he'd freighted
With fairer life
And poured to the Scand
Domain,
Brought not to an end this march
Of strife
And peace to reign
Again.

But O, 'twas
Writ,
Much good
Should be
Through the life
That ran
In the old
North sea !

The waves they bellowed,
The waters tore ;

They pieced them with flood
And strain;
'Till stout ship mission
Of war gave o'er,
And put to home
Again.
And round and through
The waters brought
Till man, cut off by
The sea,
Was caught in the power
Of the fireside thought,
And home-love came
To be.
But O, he shrank him
In deadly fear
Of the gods of the north
For they,
Would sweep him down
Who had shut him in,
And mete him his life
For aye!

But this was
The way
It had
To be
For the breed
That fought
By the old
North sea!

He piled his armor and
Spear ahigh
To brood with the
Ingle-norn;
But new life came with that
Prison'd sigh,
For industry was born.
And the spirit of Baldur's dream
It came
From the thrall of Hela
Then;
With torch alight of the
Ancient flame
To light to truth these men.
And O, they saw as the sun
Gave heat,
And the dews and the thaw
And the rain,—
Visions of gardens and flocks
And wheat
And the gentler ways of gain.

For this was
The gods'
Great gift
To be,
As life
To the men
Of the old
North sea !

And the golden dice were
The corn's full ears,
As the wonder of Baldur's
Word ;
While the soul of life for the
Coming years
That the fair god Hermod
Heard,
Was love of brother and kind
And wife,
And truth to the Ingleside ;
Lights all to the laws of
The finer life
Which Baldur had descried.
So the great flames leaped
From the northern ray,
And they lit the wide earth
Then,
And thus it arose,— that
Better day,
When the war-hand beck'd not men.

So they sang,
And they sing,
By the old North
Sea :
“ The laws of the
Beautiful
Set men
Free.”

HENRIK IBSEN.

May the gods of all descent
Stand by me ;
While I make the brave attempt
Not to be
All of earth's, yet all to earth ;
While I see.

Something beckons and I know,—
Gleams a hand ;
One hears "wait," another "go,"
Its command ;
One hears, "Every age was so ;
Understand."

Science, thou hast dart of flame,—
God is kind ;
Goodness, thou hast all of fame ;
Thus we bind.
Shadows lengthen on the hill,—
Deep shades hold words deeper still :
"God is mind."

EDUARD GRIEG.

“ Tonight will come thy faery knight,—
Souled in Norse myth, thou’lt go
To undertake the fairer fight ; —
To cross the cooler snow
That lendeth on to sweeter things,
Which all the brave await ;
The steed, the maiden, sweep of wings,—
Wide swings thy Valhall’s gate.”

Soft call the voices from the hills,—
Deep, dusk, fjord-echoes call ;
To mortal whom the let-life fills,
Or shift of shadow fall
No longer on his path, to cool
The hot heats of his hold,
To life and work and things that rule,
In sphere of getting gold.

So, sweet musician, came to thee
That whispered, echoing shock ;
The tragic note of mystery
Poured from sky, wave and rock !
O, ancient goodness, piled in air,—
O, solemn law of rune,
That none shall meet his vision fair
Without earth’s halting tune !

All nature's splendid lyre it fulfilled
While thou, as fair Ash Tree
Forever its sweet sighings lulled,
Art claimed by Valkyrie !
O, gift of great, eternal art,—
O, true and rich of soul,—
Thou, of the honor and brave part,
At last hast reached thy goal !

Cosmic the secret,—tragic swing
Of forces calm, on high,
Where gods and goddesses they sing
What shall man's destiny !
They call our splendors, call our best,—
They call our great, sweet men,
Who bravely bow at brave behest,—
The maidens' own again.

EE-KINGS.

We are the Ee-Kings,
We are the Vi-Kings,
We are the Sea-Kings ;
Where are our sons ?

Where live the arts and
The world's beauty now ;
Gathered they bloom, loves
Of fair Alder Bough.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where are all their voices now?
Do they speak through book and tone,—
Speaks the unknown to the known,—
Speaks the known to the unknown,—
Odin, Vili, Ve?

Is the law of our today,—
Our so great philosophies,
Kindled upon banks like these?
Priestly rites neath sweet, green trees,—
Druid or Parsee?

Speaks the oracle as wise
If the tryst be everywhere?
If the sprites of upper air
Syllable to all their fare?
So, fell low, Delphi.

Speaks the oracle no more,—
Or is tryst kept everywhere,—
Sprites of earth as upper air?
Is our whole age wise and fair
As of old, Delphi?

MEN OF UR.

Chald-Ur and Bald-Ur
Were wonderful men ;
They lay in their nests
Till the hour struck ;
Then
They hitched to them drogmans
From the sides of the earth,
And drave them apart
To their places of
Birth.

And in the wide split
That was left to the gaze,
Europa arose
To the great of
Amaze.

Will Ur of the Chaldees
Meet ever again
Ur of the Baltic,
In fair Cult-ur-e's
Reign ?

ALDER BLOOM.

O, white blossom, wing of Psyche,—
O, fine fragrance, gift to man;
Given as the Lord gives graces,—
Pearls ashowering through His plan!
Chaste and sweet,—transcendent message
To the plains of Ida here;
Light to life at peace and fireside;
Law to all life's finer sphere!

She of highest good the token,—
Psyche, Isis, Mary, she;
But the race,—how has it spoken
For this golden one from Thee?
Have we known divine dominion
Sets in all things great and whole,
One, as she—a fair white pinion—
Beating true, that strong thing's soul?

TO CARRY WITH YOU.

I quote you a tune from the Saga days,—
From the soft Icelandic tongue:
Thought man upbuilds, but worry slays,
Though he go all the world among.

HELGOLAND.

By Huerta's temple shade, in sign of Leo,—
And must thou die?

O, argent care, thou passing fair!
Through lens of thy fine spirit then write I.

Write I, as one beholding God in all things,
All that be;

Set high in star, in avatar;
Or deep life swelling through the abounding sea!

As liveth one who knoweth what the thunders,
Bellowing greet;

Who heareth mind in sweep of wind,
Or what the hour for avalanche retreat!

To whom the seasons chant or whisper stories;
Tell all their truths.

Virgo comes on, the Crab is won;
Utter the green trees fair as Druid youths!

O, thou that ever was, and ever shall be;
Flame thou of flame!

The seas give up,—thy loving cup,—
To pour libations—thy eternal fame!

O, spheres of circling life, uprising, dying,
Spheres yet to come !

It shall pause now at alder bough,—
Greeting there is to fair Norse temple bloom !

Strange were the gods thy logos strain defending,
Leading it clear ;—

Of sign and token, in word unspoken ;
Majestic leaning to God's shapen spear !

Thou hadst from native hills thy natal blessing,
Achilles-One ;

Thy ethnic hoard the Sagas stored,
And wondrous hast thou telling from the Sun !

Thine the wild bull-life, crush'd back, teeming, rending ;
Strong son of Ram !

Long age ago in tent of snow,
One stood beside thee as thy great Elam !

Royal the will that wholly hears when finding,
In Nature's book,

The curious word the soul has heard,—
And finding hears how as at first God spoke !

They tend him true, who faith was in all living,
Fearless in death ;

All they disclose, O, golden, opening rose !
O, wonder worlds of our immortal breath !

Things of the deep swim up to friendly looking
In his fair eyes ;
 So in the law all nature's draw,—
Love as the great, imperial God's emprise !

He clasped of tiger is as bound in royal
Of love's great mood ;
 The anaconda, with joyous wonder,
Fetches him greet of jungle brotherhood.

The cold moon bends in love, and summer's passion
Pours from the sun ;
 It theirs to fan the undying Pan ;
Eternal pledge of an Eternal One !

The blue snake is his own ; the northeast crosses,
And it is best ;
 O, wonder book from lizard nook ;
Secreting all the soul's deep, leafy rest !

Marks he with entity along flat sand-dunes
His prayer, his need ;
 They fetch to him, lo, symbols dim ;
The law they of his ancient caste and rede !

Bends back the azure sky-god of the Northman,
In his best love :
 "This was mine eld, could I but held
My men and times the more atrue to Jove !"

For him there run on every plain white coursers ;
White broods on high,

 There to resist all mortal list ;—
Mystic ancile to the sons of Frey !

What on the next hour cometh or what liveth
In the next year,—

 Son of the Sun, O, flamed one ;—
They tell thee, who are natural order here !

All tender they, the orchestra of spirit
Alive in air,

 Assure thy soul 'tis not the whole,—
And tend thee unto visions yet more fair !

Sons of Apollo, Iran, Ram, Thoth, are they,—
Of Jupiter and Thor ;
With Dragon, shield to 'fend the field,
If any glimmer may be there of war !

And O, in all the silent night's white clearness,
On high the great Leo !

 There bend above thy couch in love,
Sweet magian ones, their story to bestow !

PART THIRD

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

BALLAD OF BABYLAND.

Three storks flew forth where the blossoms were,
And they lapped the air with their wings awhirr;
Each carried a bundle from by-low-land,
From the beautiful mists that they understand.

And one he paused where the fests were great
And he landed his charge in the fair estate;
And he creased its brow with the molt of gold
And he planed its power in the Midas fold.

And one he tapped him a softly rune,
And metered his charge to the heavenly tune;
He placed the babe of the genius ray
Where light on the earth had need to play.

And one he carried his downy load
To the place of the white wings' soft abode;
And many's the mother who knows the grace
And the light and the fine of that baby's face,
For it comes to earth for the spirit's hour,
That man may dwell in the heaven as power.

THE NEW THOUGHT.

A mental transcendence shines from afar ;
It is this I will take for my cymbal of war !
Of war not, but blast of imperial blue ;
The glory of life has come true.

In the far empyrean of heaven are rings ;
They are thrown off in ages, in aeons and things.
And races and peoples and systems arise,
They pass into wings and are lent to the skies.

In the white realms of law it was meant to transcend,—
In the after of time, unto purer of trend.
Unto earth again never, but far in the sky,
Calls back the divine, “It is I ; it is I” !

THE TEMPLE VOICE.

Say thy ohms, thy oms, thy aums, thou one,—
Deal death a blow by saying “Thou art light.”
Let heaven through thy casement pour as sun ;
So end what seems to thee a long, dark night.

Thou hast the all of heaven to bestow,
As floods of knowledge, health, wealth, every good ;

God hast so stored thee thou unharmed canst go
Through every place, hate, stress, or neighborhood.

On one plane argument may set afree,—
Another, silence holds the power course ;
But if occasion call, there dwells in thee
Majestic wisdoms of the serpent's force.

Man can't get past himself unless he rake
Angry his brains out, or life wilful sell ;
There stand his star, his jungle-one, his snake,
His sea-horse ; all to help him free from hell.

THE PERSIAN PASSION.

I come from the Parsee desert,—
I, the great Iranian mind ;
That calleth no time present,
But the all of God would find.
I, truth in the natural forces
That speak in the grey twilight ;
That drive in the thunders' courses,
That hush the world in night ;
That soothe in the voices crying,
That gather to light in the sun ;
That bear men's prayers on the sighing
Of the winds, till God be won.

IN THE STUDIO.

Dainty lady, O, so rare !
Hands off, please, and have a care ;—
Much too fine in frill and lace,
Much too sweet of piquant face,
Much too pretty e'er to be
Match for sterner thing in me.

Thou art picture, I am grace
Of the things that serve the race.
Get and gain must have a chance
Else the world fell on its lance ;
Pretty being, how I would
Buy and frame you, if I could.

I would buy you, set you where
Grace should have its finer share.
I would look on you to live,
Of the heavenly dews I'd give ;
In that sweeter atmosphere
I would keep and love you, dear.

IN THE OPERA BOX.

“As having only God, we have the promise!”

And thou art Rachel,—

Poured from the rivers of thy Jewish blood ;

O, race thine of th’ undying heart !

All ecstasy hast won ;

All sadness known ;

And now thou sayest in undying Art !

My cold north light it comes to life in thee,—

O, heat child thou !

Pent in thy south hot ray, no part of me,—

And yet my soul,—it’s in thy violin !

O, longing, longing mine,—

O, maddened swine !

And I long taught of heaven what is sin.

Long and how taught ? O God, on cold stone kneeling ;

Stiff, white knees cold !

What was’t,—what is’t,—what could it, but man’s dealing,

While heart in agony it seeks its fold ?

For O, somewhere,

Were each not heir,

Then I,—bemeaned to covet as my hold !

O, dost most teach, or dost most thwart, repression ?

Yet patience still,—

Heart else would kill to tear from thee expression !

But bitter this at all the bitter cost,
And so again I wait,—
Else came to hate ;
And spite of all, my dearest lesson were lost.

So help, Gods we, and we too therefore promise,—
Long conquering one !
Some other's mount,— some other's turn of star,—
In every age's grave some captain sleeps !
And my gods shall,
As thine had, all.
E'en now rise they from their long silent deeps !

EARTH IN MARCH.

Black is the Christ that saveth me,
With tinsel of frost put in !
Harsh is the gray of the sky, the day
Is bitter with sleet and din.
For the spheres are in travail,
The stars swing low ;
There is light, nor love, nor air
Of the sweeter waft ; but the torture throe
Of the greater rebirth's care.
For over and over the law hath power :
I must sleep ; I must dark ; I must heed.
I groan with the young of the wolf and flower ;
I am all of the cosmic need.

But lo,—lo, cometh

The white bloom now ;

Far down is its star-like gleam ;

The young lambs' bleat and the green grass glow,—
Just a little while to dream !

THE GOLDEN PRESENCE.

Sits my God in some high place,

All-concentrate, rounding in?

Lives he not in act of grace,

Season's hour and cataract's din?

Is my genius part of me,

Or some beautiful, long dead?

Sits the sunlight on the tree

Just to tell me, " Lift thy head " ?

That my heart beats, is it He?

That fruit ripens, is it less?

That land holds apart from sea,

Or that clime gives mental dress?

Is not God in all true things?

Is that true which is law not?

Rises one on crimsoned wings

To the purest heights of thought?

What is perfect to obey?
What is wholly true as God?
What cannot be rent away
In the man, sky, air or clod?

Is my genius God to me?
Is the genius of the race
Inner flower or nation's key,
Keeping truth, God set in place?

Build I temple not to Jove,
If I wear the god of war?
Build I less, in lean on love,
To the Venus-reeling hour?

Is the great all-God in thought,—
What you, I, they think, maybe?
What the tiger knows untaught,—
Is that will the ancient He?

A LITTLE DEDICATION.

Where are you, dear? I send you this thought
From the white sea of words and ideas, cast up.
If you read it with love and are happy and true
And think as I think, it is something to you.
Where are you, dear?

TRUTH'S KINGDOMS.

The light of the east is adawn,
The light of the west is atrue ;
But the light of the world is the won
Truth, from the vaults of the blue.

The light of the east is the sun,
The light of the west is a star ;
But O, the soul, it has run
Far into the sweeps of war !

But down from the heights they draw,—
Or ever come in from the deep,
Sweet paeans of natural law
While the gods of this world sleep !

And the love of the light that is,
Since God has walked as soul,
Shall live in the harmonies,
That the best of man control.

The light of the east is a dawn,
The light of the west is a truth ;
And the light of the world was one,
Since time knew its first youth !

THE BUILDING OF MAN.

We rise to the light,
We the grasses ;
We free the green
Pleasures of earth ;
We hang down our heads,—
The hour passes ;
We turn with the brown
Stem to birth
Of the wheat or the rye,
At the clod's law,—
We freely give all
At the mill ;
The law this of all life
Is God's law,—
So measured man's great
Law to fill.

We ope to the light,
We the blossoms ;
We close to the fruit,—
Fade and fall ;
We come,— we are free,—
We the apple,—
We ripen, refresh,
That is all.

We free to contribute,
 To strengthen,
To beautify, feed,
 To immure ;
The forces of nature
 To lengthen
That man may endure,—
 May endure.

We bind in the hills,
 We the quarries ;
Aripe in our hardness
 We go,
To serve as the column
 Or stories,—
Or wonderful things
 Of white glow.
So worth, and so right,
 And so beauty,—
We come in the order
 Of law,
At the call of great Pan
 To our duty,—
Serve grandly, as
 Grandly withdraw.
As Saturn we file
 For Uranus ;
Or Venus to
 Jupiter's hour ;

As gods, yield we all
That we gain us,
That man may have all
Of his power.

PRAYER

Give us this day, O heart of all things,—
We name thee God ; in faith name we !
Give us this day, for great and small things
Seem heaven-forgot in need of thee.
We strive, we agonize, we pray
For peace, for help ; give us this day.

Give us this day. Yield thou to beauty ;
It is all thine, O love, O life !
We, finer forces, come to duty,
To clear thy way from cloud and strife.
We light on every hill ; we ray
About thy sun ; give us this day.

* * *

O mortal, know'st thou not the homing
Of each one is, in far somewhere ?
O, one in agony, cease roaming ;
Thou cared for art in greater sphere !
Trust God ; trust order, beauty. Pray
In full of faith ; give us thy day.

AUTUMN.

The cool may call from the hills anew,
But the sweet of the summer's grace
Hath gone for aye from the rose and dew,
As the smiles from my lady's face.

Tho white of the springtime bloom came back
To bless for an hour today,
Or traced me again the lily's track,—
My lady hath gone away !

Or light of the moonbeam or pipe of Pan
Told their sweet, old stories anew,—
The stately waft of her fair white hand,
Is far in the heavenly blue.

Daphne the laurel aflame may keep
Or the goldenrod its spell ;
But my beautiful lady she lieth asleep
In the white of the asphodel.

THE FLOWER OF GERMANY.

How can I find in life a throne,
How can I name myself endure,—
How can I stand, if all my own
Have one support unsure ?

What tho the fair knights kneel them due,—
Tho tint and tone and chisel strive?
Crafts are but idle, life untrue,
Doth love for me not live !

When God's white hand-clasp closed on me,
Sending me down the immortal ray,
Came I to man as pure idea,
Holding the perfect way.

* * *

That which is not can not be ;
Thine the soul, thou Pure Idea !
Nation's answer it is one,
With the truth of her each son !

THIS WORLD'S GODS.

Youth :

What dost thou offer, O Maid, to man,—
A bust, the couch, the stew, the pan
Of broth ; the pudding, the onion-stench ?
Child, thou makest thyself but wench.

What dost thou offer, O Church, to man,—
Worry of pew with the bungle and plan ;
Thick of the ankle, with stick for the head ?
Barren, intrepid, not always well-bred !

Politics, what do you offer to men ?
The middleman's brilliance, the strut of the pen ;
Philistinism, and all writ wise ;
The paving-job's letting for high franchise ?

What do you offer, O boasted Schools ?
The patter of opulent smatter of rules ;
The sedgy of fillings to badger the will,—
With he thought and they thought and no thinking still ?

What dost thou offer to youth, O Press ?
Column of fury, detail and mess ;
Wad of the sleuth and the slovenly wit,—
Slime of the news from the plunderers' pit ?

What hast thou stored, O Art, for men ?
Glories in galleries,— blessings from pen ;
Soul's peace in music ; the loveliness, truth,
That all institutions we think should give youth !

O, bitter see I the whole spirit of life,
When passes one happy, with radiant wife ;
Cheery the handgrasp he offers and she ; —
Forgot's the dull, gluttonous times in their glee !

Age :

O, my boy, tomorrow if they all lay dead,
Were it not thy sorrow thou hadst for each said
Harsh, mayhap deserving, criticising word ?
Jove wore cap of patience when the great powers heard.

TO THE REFORMER.

Tail your serpents round the sun;
Set your stings where they'll fall clear;
Be not let to any one
Who from something else must steer.

Tail your serpents in the sun;
Brace them so they'll stand, not run;
But should run be need, with grace
Turn them, that they may give chase.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE SPIRIT?

Where are they that I gave you that you might become
perfect in those rare qualities which alone can give to you enduring life?
— The Prophet's Vision.

What have you done with the lady,—
The creature of beautiful parts?
She of the soft eyes tender,
The gentle and childlike arts?

What have you done with the lady?
I sent her, O men, to reclaim
You from the harsher emotions,—
Back to the beautiful aim!

What have you done with the lady,—
Who bloomed, like a bud, on your breast?
Who clung as the glory of blossoms,
Who was beauty and faith and rest?

She was all grace,— she the jewel,—
She was the tender and true ;
What have you done with the lady,
That as heaven's own I sent you?

Why are the white hands folded,
Areach for thy hand as wife?
The wistfully red lips frozen?
O, waste of the beautiful life!

What have you done with beauty,—
That spirit all full refined,—
Through the fires of the long-time burning,
Till life it was divined?

What have you done with the artist,
O, man of the time and its mold?
Where is that one I sent you
To knit you to finer fold?

What have you done with my glory
That sprays through the whole, wide sphere?

How have you kept me promise,
In the love of music here?

How have you wrought its cadence
I gave that your life be brought,
A true unto some fair temple
In ways of the sweeter thought?

How have you kept me,—the living,
In the fair, in the white Christ-one?
Where is the sweet immortal
I sent you as my son?

Immortal,—to reach through beauty;
To shine with a truth not dim!
For the tired world's fresh beginning,—
What did you, man, with him?

MY FRIEND AND I.

Thou art so softly touch'd,
Bedded in down;
Gently thy ripples gleam,
Tender the frown;
Thy work at even glows
Molten, complete,

Shaped in white syllables,
Tender and sweet.
Sometimes in agony,
Heart's sweet, I cry,
Why not that life for me?
Not for me,— why?

Lift I mine eyes to scan
High rocks, abare;
Thou knowest beasts ahide,
Aravage there!
Shield'st thou thy man, thy race,
From all that maw;
Look I God in the face,—
What is their law?

THE FUTURE.

Trust thou, man, of all things
Always that waits thee,
Which thou hast implaited
In thine energy.

Thy word, work and life hold
What thou hast exprest;
Life, seed self-sown, ripens
In the human breast.

Know thou, man, in all things
Law goes sternly on ;
Walk with it, thou livest ;
Cross it, thou art gone.

Law is not of limit,—
Law is freest zone ;
God has spoken in it,—
God speaks for his own.

THE EXTRA.

“Extra !” Has somebody fallen asleep so quickly, in death, that
to weep, to weep,
Is not for her, his, or my own true heart ; for something has
happened, of life a part,
So suddenly, bitterly, thoughtlessly so, that lines of type must
come and go !

“Extra !” Has joy come into the world ; ranks broken file ; the
old flag furled ?
Has somebody, somewhere, lived so true that the world has dis-
covered and sings anew ?
Has gold come where there was poverty ? Has life come where
it was thought to die ?
Well, earth hath its souls, as heaven its kings ; but the extras do
rarely announce such things !

AS EGO.

What was I to any one
Ere I came to be?
Was I love, light, breath of Pan,
Or a harmony?

I was I, I think alway,
In every form maybe;
Whether breath of bloomy May
Or light on deep blue sea.

IN THE LIBRAL.

Over my cradle, in babyhood,
Over the youth of me,
Hung the hand of Fate with its gleaming state
Of jeweled ecstasy.
“Marvel not!” called the south winds when
They swept by the coiled gate,
Where the roses grew and the cocks they crew,
And the stars spun fair estate.
“Marvel not!” spoke the wide noon sky,
In its white, still, silent power:
“The world is on; the time is won;
Cometh thy golden hour!”

THE COYOTE'S CALL.

What Saul harps through thy sinews? What lost soul
Rearing his man has so far lost his trail
As to with strange laws bind, to procreate
Rays, so sharp toothed, in atavistic wail?
Heart-breaking and heart-rending, little one,
Son of the wild things, where is thy life run?

Latest addition I to nature's harp,
Which is but lesser name for God's great heart;
Latest string, vibrant with the piteous call,
As need was there for more of tenderness.
Latest, as need had, harper I for Saul,
Where something was that pity should redress.
To me in spheres of sound, proclaiming need,
The pitying respond. They hear me not,
For in the desert fastness is my home;
But in vibration it goes, the sense of ought,
To men,—and pity; this the coyote's ohm!

IN THE TOILS.

Mind:

I am man, human I,—set in flesh, impulse, will;
I as others. Sweeps tempest, sweeps hope. They distill
All the sweets of illusion. Swift follow I on,—
The price to ambition! sought — circled — and gone!

I am flesh, but not wholly, tho in flesh' control ;
I were law to my circuit if I knew the whole
Of the wonderful nature, life-given to me !
I strive and I master,— but not as I free.

I am man,—I am ego : the cry of the man.
Is it privilege, discipline, law or the can
Of the gods, that God seems to be reachless and far
In the din of the world — in the mind of the hour ?

I heap up much treasure, domain and estate ;
I race with my kind,— but — the far ultimate ?
Is power's ascent skyward in on-heave and throe ?
Am I God's love or prey ? Do I stay ? Do I go ?
Am I filling a law ? Am I accident,— plan ?
Can I trust as the stars, and yet swing as a man ?

I cry unto God and I shriek in the night
To prevail and to win ; but I moan in affright
At the thought, or the whisper, of death-angel's call !
Is this end— must I go—must I die—is this all ?
Where is science ; religion where ? No power to save ?
Must I go ? Is this all ? Just lights out and — the grave ?

Spirit:

I am soul. I am earth not. I look to the sky,
The winds, hills and beauty ; the best in the mind,
And I call to the outer, " Be gentle, and find
We never were strangers, but misunderstood ;
Thou fiber, I motif — the ultimate, good ! "

I am soul. I am thing that must traverse this sphere ;
Why, I ask not. 'Tis law ; and the fact that I'm here
Compels me to bravery, duty and breath ;
Endeavor, behavior,— the brotherly mood,
'Till I soar again free, through death's white altitude.

MYSTICAL DRAMA.

I needed Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and man
Of such idea ; drama I, and speak
For the great all of life,—in its full span,
As Christ, the Jew, the sky-god, graces Greek ;
As under skies where victory's chariots roll,
Resplendent that another has gone down ;
Or in the temple where deep clangings toll
The miserere, that death has claimed one.

I needed Hauptmann, Sudermann, and those
Of Goth descent ; for drama, I must speak
For the great race's soul, as full-blown rose ;
But too much English thought had made me
weak,
In lines that were divine and kept man in
Truth always, had he ne'er been written Sin.
I, drama, and must tell you all of this :
Art comes not to world plaything and amiss.

I needed mystic will to plough the mind,
Ethics, amold to fit the whole of sphere ;
I lesson, argument, to humankind,
Its all of truth and vision to make clear.
Interpretation at the will of Mars
Is hour no more ; the soul calls for its law.
Who revels in the panoply of stars
Knows not the Art-will in its cosmic draw.

THE FULL OF FAITH.

“ He” or “she and the babies”—say the morning papers,—
“a suicide”!

And then they comment, or rail, or chide
Until they obscure our philosophy, or clearer vision of ought
to be,
On “he” or “she and the babies.”

Shall we revile them? Shall we decide if law, or faith in the
crucified,
Should govern the actions of others when we’ve harried and
snubbed and beaten them,
As “he” or “she and the babies”?

“ Ah well, for us all some sweet hope lies !” the poem prates or
the preacher sighs ;

And I, as you, thou he or she, have often been tempted to go
and see :

Have often been tempted to go and seek that promised country
which wise ones speak,

When bluffed and harried, confused, thrust through by the things
of this world, that have power to ;

Like " he " or " she and the babies."

So, gaping of type, confusion of cry, howl at the deed if you will.

But I

Hold fast to the promise of ancient pen and trust to the law of
the life again ;

That faith is the final that sometimes speaks in the act that un-
covers, recovers and seeks ;

That faith is the final that now has said, " I'll chance it with
God—I am not afraid,"

In " he " or " she and the babies."

IDEALIST AND EDITOR.

Dear sir, I such words write as these,
Not as the leaflets on the trees,—
But springing from a torn heart's flood
Of light, when it had understood
Man is as he doth think, indeed ;
So to think well of man, my creed ;
To speak in courage, to give grace
To life and thought. May such have space ?

“Madame, for poetry and such,—
The market-editor doth much
Prefer some courtesy to hogs :
Quotations,—this disease of dogs
Is filling now, with interest,
Much of our space. The woman drest,—
That, too, we use ;
A cooking story ne’er refuse ;
Face washes, bust developers,
All current thought as it appears.

“Get up some old-line, stinking mess
About the rich. You see, the press
Is run on principles to please
The general whole. Now, things like these,”
Touching my clean, trim pages white,—
“A good tale on how drunkards fight
Will interest far more ; or sport—
The knockout blow, the rib retort,
‘How Jiminy Got Through the Jail,’—
We paid good money for that tale.
‘Old Bycroft by His Mistress Sued,’
‘Children at Ten Are Rated Lewd,’—
People read such things. None too chaste
The general, busy public taste :
Our politics a dirty mess ;
The public office in duress ;
Honor and marriage — one to ten ;
Women superior to men ;

Welcome the treatment of these themes !
Your stuff is more like angels' dreams !

“ Our bank account it must be thought
Upon, in such things. Like as not
You never heard about the pot
That, always calling kettle black,
Kept kettle always so. No lack
Then ; kettles always came that way.
To hear the ruck, and put up pay.
The educator thus, in time,
The pot became ; put this in rhyme.
Dub all men bad, and keep it up ;
They follow, as the chained pup.
You and your audience are one ;
They read,— and follow — while they run.”

Dear editor,— all thanks, but I,
With faith in man, cannot so lie !
The same tho our philosophy,
That “as man thinketh so is he.”

PAIN.

O, human heart, thy gift of pain,
It saveth man, it saveth mind
From all the strange leer of the hind ;
It saveth unto life again !

ALIMONIAC.

O God, O gods? and I married for love,—
True, green truck that you are!
O, when a man can carry the law
On his side, why bow to the heavenly flaw
Of things that do choke and do cramp in his craw?
The man all ahuman!
The virtuous woman!
An ethical system supposed from above,—
A man born in hot heats of all lovers' star;
I want you no more for the truths that you are!
Bah, woman, calm-templed;
Bah, thin, chastened bust!
Take your clothes and go home;
I man, progress, force, lust!

Thank you, my brother, not otherwise I;
But I lust for the spirit and things of the sky.

BLUE AND GOLD.

“What is true at last will tell,” in the mainstreams of our day;
They who serve the gods serve well; other service is decay.
They who served are by the gods, gods are they to earth reborn,
Lend the spheres, the cosmos nods; blue the Lotus, gold the
corn!

THE TRADE WIND.

Why love I my purse-poor neighbor?
I don't; that's the order of hate.
I cannot endure the labor
Of his lean hand on my gate.
If I loved him I'd gather and stuff him
With the rare things I enhance;
I'd tenderly hold and puff him,
Till I robbed him of his chance.

Why do I love my baby?
The hate of the law compels.
I otherwise had left it
To the breeds high up on the fells;
To be of the great force tended,
In the wisdoms of God to come
To be lord of some new dimension,—
The builder of some new Rome.

Why love I that fair woman?
She's something that I am not;
I want to possess and to have her
To add to my stuffs and lot;
So I get and I own and I wear her,
I flim-flam her with my will;
I bully and pet and tear her,
Till she, like an ass brought still,

Weareth my purple harness,
My jewel and oriflamme ;
Sits where I let her, as sitter,
And follows me, that am.

Why love I creed and the preacher ?
They will give up all to me.
They will take me on as their teacher,
They will dandle the whores I free ;
Where disease stalks tall and lordly
While sin it is named by the hour,
By dimmed men, stung, in the presence
Of the great God's living power.
I gather my truths and am master,
The great snake hold I at length.
Who knoweth fear, he is maudlin ;
Who knoweth truth, he is strength.

So bind I as love in the tankard
From which the red rot runs,
For love doth empurple the wisher,
But it weaketh the wished ones.
I curry the manes of their horses,
I plait for them lordly tales ;
I sign them in rajas' courses
Till for me their hammer flails.
I drink their blood if they have it,
And I drink their slush if not ;
I fill with their stomachs' tender,
The famine, the fear and rot.

Till they give me their all in meaning
As wise fools, while they draw
The sword to their own defeating;
Such is love's primal law.
O, hate hath its wonderful mission,—
It the splendor of things come down;
It teaches the richest wisdom,
How man may wear his crown
On his own head, truly and greatly,
If he have the fair hold there;
O, hate has its kingdoms stately
In domain everywhere !

WIVES AND MEN.

Nevertheless be it remarked that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and golden ornaments ; also that many a scene that looks desert and rockbound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. —*Carlyle.*

To my own bosom came there one, his overmuch the lade
Of many graces of the wealth of quality self-made ;
A man he who could meet his bills, with keeping end in view,
Who dabbled him in realty, and wore his coat askew.

O, regular the beefsteaks are, with this good kind of man,
But O, the gawkish, dual life it makes th' American !
I lean across his board, at last, to learn the bed's the thing,
By which to catch th' approval of this great anointed king.

So hapless, I beguile myself with foods and things that sate,
Badger the poor, the ignorant and the unfortunate;
Badger the servant and the house, the purse, hug every waste,
In short, of things I do not need, to cultivate the taste.

A little fineness, aye, romance, some flower of culture will,—
I make it faith, shall some day bloom on that, my sweet dunghill;
I make it patient grace to wait for blossoms,—no time, why?
O, business first, some score to beat, or flash a costlier rye.

But shall I raise the laugh the while, and a new love's camp invade;

Attempt, with harlot's brew, to heal hurts of protected trade?
I look about, alike they all, unceasingly beknit
In money-getting, dogs, cigars; in marriage much misfit.

* * *

So, daughter, fetch the slippers now, your father's at the door,
While I some violets pin on; O infinite, chaste bore!
The days they run, the years are gone, all well-to-do they go;
The fire aburning dully down comes to its red, deep glow.

At last I flame me forth: O, this the all of it, I cry;
O time, O death,—'twill soon be up, and no immortal I!
I call my mirror, call my maid—the children are at school—
We readjust my looks, the work, lay out an art schedule.

In almost fright I call to them, masters in finest paths,
In law of paintings, music, books; I drop my Turkish baths.
Forthwith, O thou who me hast made, and set me in such life,
Let me to know the lights of it,—what shall the modern wife?

I bear in patience, silent ways ; each day has something won.
Four years go by and I emerge ; I greet the rising sun !
O joy, O glory, that I learn, ere sulking back I go,
Aholding to my crucifix, aweeping and awoe !

O, joy of earnest privilege ! At last, O logic strange,
Modern American woman's life holds promise of true range !
My husband he has goods, his church ; peaceful knows land and
hymn ;
I, finding beauty everywhere, at last am painting him !

Young I, and happier almost, than pretty daughters, who
Look up to me as fine and wise ; no fleshy bugaboo.
On canvas pour I visions fair ; with music 'rich my mind,
Or books ; and so comes royal day when ego, self, I find.

And as I come to clearer view, and poise to know at last,
I thank the gods, I thank the man, for all that smeared, dull
past.

O, lordly moorings has the wife, heart-findings deep and whole,
If she but make the best of it and pull by her own soul !

May it not law be of the soul, in its onrushing aim,
That women, in this day, shall wholly light the culture flame?
Shall wave it high and swing it far, fair priestess of new Greece,
Till all the race shall lighted be by the soft rays of her peace?

May it not be, tho passing strange, some day we'll understand,
That man nor woman can give self, tho giving help and hand?
May it not be that finer sweep of truth's loom, for this sphere,
Was folded up, as music, in sounds once we could not hear?

That marriage it is happiness for us, when we discern
The larger meanings of its reach, and with its bigness turn?
And may it not be coming truth to know the statement wild,
That e'er two people can be one, save only in their child?

That she as woman, he as man, distinct and separate are;
As two they came, as two must go, to find immortal star?
To sphere which is nor mate nor love, nor preference; but sea,
Which holds the soul of all the race, one immortality?

UNDER GOLD HELMETS.*

Across the sun's strong days of all the past
That echo back along the eternal hour,
Swept strong, wise men, those beings beautiful,
Who saw the reach of man as one of power.

Great sons were they, when race leapt into moods,
Cultures and teachers even as in our day,—
Who come asearch for truth, discover it,
And so hang new suns 'cross the human way.

And the way human many such has had,—
Drunk of them, scorned them, loved them, lived by them;
Found that rare fountains never gush by chance,
But rather are the time's new garment hem.

* Written in admiring regard for those women who, in our day, have taught transcendence as the power of the human will.

New garment hem! And always there are those
So fine they hold the unearthly good, and all;
Who friendly, on its quality join hands,
New faith to stand in, firm, its guarding wall.

Its guarding wall first seedings to enclose,
Or round the field to stand till logos-flower
Rise to its fuller life, in new spoke things,—
The life-dew golden for the racial hour!

Dower golden which, as ancient manna, falls
When cosmic inspiration, men would fear,
Is at an end and sad starved times have come;
Which never come. Life rises sphere on sphere.

In sphere on sphere,—the peoples, schools and cults
Or cultures, we must next knit in, to move
Forward in lion leaps, to destinies
That are provide of universal love!

Love universal many such has let through,
Since old of order, cast in mighty throe,
Spoke through the clear-eyed Persian wanderings,
Or shone in Sanscrit lily's wonder glow!

A wonder glow the Buddha syllable,—
When far, bereft of home and child and wife,
The young prince, in the desert, orderings
Of nature learned, and all true law of life.

Life's light it flamed again, another word,
In soul of temper of the fair young Jew ;
To follow whom brought all men low to kneel,
Simple as children, as child, tender, true !

Childlike and trustful,—truth's way of all times !
It were mere dogma to claim such domain,
And build not back to youth, the simple heart,
And life lived real, in earnest, without pain.

Pain free,—and this the golden, central prop
In all these messages of splendid arch !
For this, who hath, hath also peace and health ;
Wealth comes to him, and all good spans his march.

Ancient the glory, long the story tells,
That these fair women preach and fetch anew :
Man part of God, man hath eternal state,
Man shall not die ; this golden their love's brew !

Truths luminant, truths glorious, tender they,
Along lines beautiful, from out the air,
Touch of the heavens, the gods, the faiths, to men ;
And so paths open to the eternal stair !

Stairs powered with golden law, life mighty, blent
With possibility of reach supreme ;
As high and higher pulls the immortal word,
Fetching the race to godhead of its stream !

The stream's godhead ! O, if mankind but knew
The grandeur of the self that these words prove,
More as the immortal would he make his way
And reach he nearer to the powers of Jove !

Drive would he golden chariots, panoplied
In law, truth, love, health, the auroral casque ;
And joyfully, as holding the divine,
Fetch he the way to heaven a sweeter task !

Radha immortal ! Golden ones of Ram !
Strong sons of God : this is the word that she,
Woman sweet, gentle, spiritual, fine,
Doth first pronounce for man, since Calvary !

HOW IS MAN MAN FREE?

Dost blame the state, its laws, thy love,
Thy health, thy fortune, or above
All else, the church, thy poverty,
O man, who ragest to be free ?

Whole nations sometimes laws can find,
Or politics, to them less blind
Than what they've had ; but being free !
That, each must stand alone to be.

Alone, the individual thing
'Twixt whom, and life or fate, there spring
Rivulets sweeping. Man must see
And choose alone his destiny.

Tho office fall or state compel,
Ideal lift not, nor yet well
Motive at fair shrine seemingly;
Be thou not crushed,— they hold not thee.

Tho cloister echo not sedate,
The tread of priests, nor hymn, nor plate;
Tho worship no more purity;
Be thou not lost,— they hold not thee.

The finer laws of being light
Where moves afree the inner right.
Set on thy soul, O man, and be,
In beauty, courage, prayer,— be free.

Tho death claim thine or life not move
Along the currents thou would'st prove;
That only, man, should engulf thee
Which is thy fault; then thou not free.

Contention rarely brings content;
Triumph may win but coarse of bent;
If claimed thy spirit by these things,
Then shock or wreck can droop thy wings.
Then thou not all that thou could'st be,
Since it is thine, man, to be free.

THE GOLDEN GOTH.

The Golden Goth in time of Thoth,
He set him beaks to be.
He trimmed the moth; he burned for both;
The North it sets him free!

Flame of the Golden Goth:

I light in mists no other seems to sunder,
I drift in spires, where lights so strangely roll;
I reach to Earth, and then its life, O wonder,—
All I control!

I, sky-god of the once Athenian story;
I, fjord-light, truer than the heavens here;
I, lapped by France, in some past touch of glory;
I sigh thee, deva, near!

The Teuton lists not, but he bloweth tender,
In calm reflection of our still, white snows;
Which beckon, in the warm dawn, to surrender.
The sun's gold glows!

COURAGE.

What's born's born, out of law or in;
Make it thy care. So cures sin.

ART AND START.

O, the splendor of our feelings, when we want to be above
The commonplace of doing, and we bow us down in love,
To the masters great who carried from this working plane of ours,
All the honors, money, credit, of some of its greatest hours !

We think we are the nothings and we think the others all,
Till we fill the sphere professional with our own emotive gall ;
O, empty are we left to it, and morning, noon and night
Bow down to ask obsequiously, if we are doing right !

Till all that fill the places of the market-stuffs of art,
Do vibrate with the warm, red wines of our own true, bleeding
heart !
Till all the book-stalls, all the streets, where things like ours are
sold,
Do fairly reek with attar of our rose's unwon gold !

But some day comes the man along, or else we come on him,
Who finds the music that we hold the very kind to dim
All poets, all composers, painters, writers, everyone,
In short, who ever tried to do the things that we have done.

And O, then 'tis an easy thing to make the spheres vibrate,
For the whole big world is full of us, through worshipping the
great !

Our hand it steadies gladly in the confident, strong one
Of the publisher ; and after that we simply pull the sun.

IN MYSTIC LIGHT.

The purpling, misty veil enfolds,—
 O summer sun, O air July!
O verdure, 'cross my vision flung,—
 Is't thy great secret by and by?

Or is this hour, this mist, to be
 From out the orbs of intense power,
As kindly hand, assuring me,
 “ This is thy fateful hour ”?

Across the footlights, stretch'd in air
 Visions the drooping, silken fold
Upon the fold,— a mournful grace
 In black and white ; the story's told !

Com'st thou, O messenger, to me,
 Or to the actor reading there,
In rare, fine lines, his truths to reach,
 That art have finest care ?

O life, O love, O art, O thread
 Of all endeavor ; swing baton !
Thy Greek-like, last, majestic march,
 Though unto death, is on and on.

Thy white hand, O director great,—
 O limner of art's finer grace,

Hath borne the standard, to our time,
Of truth and beauty in right place.

Now banner, drooping in death's sign,
Comes thy rich sweep to other hue ;
Lo, the empurplish, psychic dawn !
Dear artist, soul it flames for you.

* * *

The workers, doers of fine things,
Or things that cross with heavier line,
Do rarely know, alabor here,
How life meets its divine.

One spars the hill to split, to rend ;
Another toils hard at the desk ;
While o'er the harsh and din of things
Floats life's white other, arabesque.

They know not us, who aim and toil ;
We know them not, white saints of light,
Till death or deeper life and prayer
Reveal what held us somehow right.

Wife, love, home, riches,—these may draw
As magnets great, life on its course ;
But somewhere, spinners to the sun
Attract in laws of heavenly force.

ASPIRATION.

Let my steps in life be like
As led of perfect day ;
That I no more for life in me,
Need ever pass this way !

Let my work be forward look,—
Never backward, clear.
Let me rise in columned lines
As the truth sincere !

Let me lay the altar cloth,
If work I do on earth,
As at the fane of science in
Its spiritual rebirth !

Every day's a wonder day,
A revelation true
Of splendor, in the sphere of man ;
God grant we let it through !

LIVING TRUTHS.

Each age its own true gospel has, each people its great seer ;
Shakespeare has wrought the Englishman, effective, brave, sincere.

FAITH.

I bow me to an eastern savior,
I greet, as coming king, the west ;
I lift the loving palm to sunrise ;
I kneel, the sunset is my guest.
I only know these larger ways ;
I live in cultures, men and days.
I wonders work for trade and shop ;
I to philosophy a prop ;
I store life while great changes roll ;
I pour again, the wealth of soul.

ART THOU SO POOR?

Think'st thou, brother, sister, little child,
Thou hast the worst in having least ?
It is thy opportunity, would'st see
Through the gray windows of the East.

The East, whence came the prophets, saviors, law,
The thought which said, " Man, thou art soul,
Knowledge ; thou right hast unto growth and good.
It is thy true estate when thou art whole."

Think'st thou, brother, sister, little child,
That words, dropt dew-like, from the past,
And held in tomes or temples or the church,
Were other than the manna for you cast ?

Cast from the far, far heavens of time's dawn,
It almost seems, life 'neath those ancient skies ;
But as compared with heats of this full age,
'Twas sweet, fresh thinking at the race sunrise.

It held the dewiness of cool sunrise,
To order, freshen, cheer, uphold, recall,
When in the noons or afternoons of time
Man might, aburdened, even with honors, fall.

Men might, too sorry, too worn out, to think,
Forget they, too, were in some justice, gods ;
Beloved, immortal and all luminant,
Though seeming crushed, and heavily, like clods.

Think'st thou, brother, sister, little child,
Who seem as fine clay, beat to earth ;
That all that is of great and splendor here,
In such as thine and thee, had not their birth ?

In man, astrip of all things, places, wealth,
Who knew at last, now am I free
To find the secret of the Universe,—
God and the Spirit shall be all of me.

Turn we to Christ, we must immortal make
These sad ones ; for they seem to be
Those who have given all birth promised them,
To feed, create, renew, set others free.

So think the many oftentimes ; and bear
With modesty, their good and wealth ;
Feeling 'tis due to some fine consequence,—
Some unknown law that is amove by stealth ;

That sets, amove so, one in full of flesh,
His eyes shut, dimmed his sight ;
Stripping yet others, that they have the chance,
For their true spirit's fine and splendid flight.

That rich and fat and glutton, for their hour,
In chariots and in cumbering shawls aroll,
It beats with buy and sell, for comfortings ;
While the poor find their very law of soul.

* * *

Think'st thou, brother, sister, little child,
Thou hast the worst in having least ?
There is a great law somewhere governing !
So thinks that East,— that wise and gray old East.

So thinks the West, where men have learned to think,—
That these like scattered, broken bits, and left,
Have part important in the great sphere's life,
As it renews, for perfecting, its weft.

THE ELK'S REQUIEM.

Over thy fair, firm white hand, that so oft has led us true,
Do we chant this heavenly strand, that our love impels, to you.

Into thy dear eyes we pour all devotion of all years ;
It is life all ended, o'er ; now the deep, deep woe of tears !

Where thy footsteps lightly came, where thy proud head lifted
tall,
Where was all that wealth of fame, now the sad gray shadows
call !

Over thy white, stiffening hand, that so oft has led us true,—
Bend we, thy great spirit's band, thy soul somewhere to renew.

IN THE PARK.

Fair stretches, under deep green trees,
Brooks trickle, babies play ;
Mothers in gewgaws,
Nurses capped,
White blooms are by the way.

'Tis summer and the white clouds lift
Ahigh along the blue,
Their sweet enigma
Of the drift
Of all things, old or new.

The ponds lie sparkling in the sun,
Cool the breeze at noonday ;
 Blue skies bend kindly,
 White the roads,
Has not life much sweet play ?

Swift roll the chariots along,
Glaziered automobile ;
 While neat-limbed horses
 Neatly prance,
Or fleetly spires the wheel.

From landau, with its sweeping curves,
Steps a fair lady down ;
 Aristocratic
 Are her lines,
Flowing her grace of gown.

A cigar's attar, manly step,
Ah, 'tis a rendezvous !
 A rosy blush,—
 A word,— a hush,—
A gentleman in view.

But lo, the parting of green boughs,
Frightened, she gasps, pell-mell,—
 Much as if
 Good Lord Tennyson
Had loosed his Lords of Hell.

Pell-mell, she drops her handkerchief,
Fair thing of softest lace,
 Clean to the grass;
 But on they pass,—
Pair they of choicest grace.

All from the University,
With tail between their legs;
 They the whipped in,
 They free from sin,
They are the culture pegs.

Respectable they walk about,
Respectable they swear;
 They say "O my,"
 Or else "O fie!"
And analyze the air.

THE DEVIL.

What is he, the Devil, that men so fear?
 Well they may, well they may;
 Squat at the ear
Of every one living, of every one born,
 Is the cowardly scrimp of this
 Great unicorn!
Toadlike, indeed, comes he all men unto,
To root from their lives High Ideal, their due.

HELL.

Somewhere, they say, philosophy,
It brooks it not, to hit
Upon solution of idea,
That truth it may have it !

They say the truth of things has been
Dug up from its deep well,
And this, the life that's here and now,
This is the only Hell !

They say it fits the human mind,
Which much of light hath got,—
To so divide the space of it,
And some such place has wrought.

A place of courage, place of grace,
If we can so endure.
At least we own ourselves well in,
And happy, through the lure

We see in it to drop our skin
Next plane to advance to,
To work our way, to rise, to win,—
O, wonderful the view !

Then forward well we all may look,
Just as the church has told,

On outer spheres of being, wrought
To fineness of fine gold.

O, let us pray that this be true,
For it is something fit,
When one has the long way before,
To know the worst of it.

HEAVEN.

And where is heaven? What heaven would'st thou have?
To stand free, in the presence of the moral God?

Thou hast it here, wilt thou, this side the grave.
Unconscious grace is life in flower and clod,

Thou part of it, if from hates thou'lt go free.
O, Soul, thy possible is deity!

And what is heaven? How heaven wouldst thou know?
Some glory rimmed by gold and purple glow?

Wouldst live in presence of diviner thing,
Each hour brushed by some finer, lovelier wing

Than thou hadst dreamed? Then for thy soul's sake be
Such glory in thyself; — be Poetry.

And how is heaven? If heaven thou wouldst be,
Stand thou here in thy all, Philosophy!

Light comes as from celestial balustrades,

Rayed by the good gods from the holy shades ;
Thou'lt walk in glory, heaven-feeling, free,
In thought committing to Philosophy.

And how dost heaven? Wouldst thou be of it part,
Doing its duty, throbbing as its heart?
As flame divine, as perfect love to spring
Through all, in all? Death must be met by thee
Ere thou becom'st part of that chemistry.
All other good, here canst thou, lovely one,
But 'yond all Death and Life, thou'lt join the Sun.

THE TRIANGLE.

Man and woman, youth and age, cheer and gravity ;
Strength, O, of all wisdoms, set in philosophy !
Light and courage, courage light,
And now you know the whole,—
Love it has no word for the final of this soul !

Masculine the splendor of this great, sweet part of me,
Going, as one member, of my holy trinity ;
Splendor never to be met
On earth again ; as one—
He crossed my life as shining being, gathered to the sun.

One who knew the little hands, while yet of earth's sojourn,
Reaching, needing, set in love ; they the hands to learn,
 Taught to tend the altar lights,
 Altars to bestow ;
Brave he, and the hero ; he the sympathetic glow !

Neither man nor woman, and yet woman and man both ;
Neither young nor old, and yet age as well as youth ;
 Neither happy nor yet grave,
 As grave and happy, too ;
Comes the great Upanishad of my True !

IN THE SIGN OF THE GREAT BEAR.

It was the calm of evening
 In the sign of the Great Bear,
Who signs in many places,
 And the zodiacal lair.

The lake it grayly stretched away,
 The deeper shades told tales ;
All evident the phosphorus
 As right for finding grails.

I lit my pipe for evidence,
 Just as Walt Whitman would ;
Only it was the Pipe of Pan,
 As mostly fish folk should.

The first gray wonder that arose
From mesh of curling seine,
Took on a shape triangular,
And spoke its name, "Helene."

Priestess thou, O temple-one !
In ecstasies, I cried ;
Abide with me, thou beautiful,
And be my spirit guide.

"I can't, I am not built that way,
O, land of summer-chutes !"
At which she coiled ahigh her coif,
In rings of llama-flutes.

Her eyes grew black as raven's wings,
And a hide of dark, soft hair,
Thick, staunch, of woolly richness,
Quick grew upon her there.

Till I saw how Hindu mental domes
Pass them to Russian clan ;
That they may give their wills to us,
In the signs American.

But finally, as bear complete,
With hearty growl and paw :
"I've come to tell your fortune by
The old Thibetan law."

Then fetched I quick a weather-block,
A tablet I could use ;
A pencil that I knew had point,
And work would not refuse.

And wrote I in my dream-book all
That I could sign, from Bear,
Abeating, with its great big stick,
In a truly Russian air.

“ O, little child, of poet stuff,
Long hast thou,” she began ;
“ Obedience to unwritten laws,
Of Life and Thought and Man.

“ Long have we thee seen kneeling, while
Thy star rose thwart the sky ;
We watched as from our blue balloons,
When you were asking why.”

If thou art Mr. Beecher, I,—
More evidence, thou squirm !
Put forth it was, but more it looked
Like a thousand-legged worm.

“ I am not Mr. Beecher, child,
Nor any one from Funk’s ;
But look I for a lady here
With markings like a skunk’s.”

O, I am she, the mark's on me,
The polecat hues I own ;
In black and white I energize,—
Book-print it is my zone.

The Lake, the Star, the Princess sign,
The Triangle and Hare,—
They gleamed them in the moonlight then ;
Tests they, known everywhere !

“ O, lady dear, I've much to tell,—
Watch now, how I can dance !
I all this learned of Great Bear Scald,
At a spiritualist se-ance.

“ And hist ! and hark ! and energize !
Before I am gone down ;
For come I from the llamas' land,
To offer you a crown.”

O stuff, O jokes, dear Blavatsky,—
Thou Russian-Bengalese !
Bloom I on presidential grounds,—
Talk not of monarchies !

“ Thy hour must come, as come all things
Which own to law alift ;
Thy sign, e'en now, is on the key ;
In word there's giving gift.

“ Comes one of Earth’s great poet-ones,
A singer he of hymns
Of tiger-cats and principles
And lights and canon’s dims ;

“ Who will, with all round word of mouth
And pen and pencil, sweep
The all of energy to you.
Dear poet, it’s your heap !

“ Then shall your sons of gold break through ;
Then shall your signs come on.
Good-bye, thou Chant of Baby Bears,
Till the Immortal Dawn ! ”

The shades grew deeper,— the sunrise !

* * *

The summer winds away ;
When lo, imperial surprise !
The Sunday papers say :

“ The Sons of Martha,” they are it !
And Kipling, thou the man
To sign the whole force of the earth,
To a Norse-American !

You give me sons who oceans are,
While I have sat and laughed ;
You sign me millions, trades and mills,
The ores and hills and craft !

Princely is this, Immortal's gift,
From wealth of scriptural spin !
I hie me to a printer's shop,
My sons their works begin.

THE SENTINEL.

Who is, to me, a sentinel ?
The man who names me soul ;
Who calls me music, art, or late
To come into the whole
Of thing I'd be, if shining bay
Had hung above my birth, to say
With what wing I should cleave my way.

POSSIBILITY.

I saw a life to lift its own,
By sweetness, grace and prayer ;
It won its way, it held its sway,
The law of God was there !

I saw a wreath of steam to push
Its little weight in air ;
It won its way, it moved the day ;
The laws of God were there !

I saw this power alive in things,
Earth, sea, or thought, or air ;
O, 'tis the zone the spheres make known,—
God's law is everywhere !

THE EDITOR.

Thy ideas,— they are God-descended ;
They bless the earth ; they knit health, life and gold ;
They are since Eden was or Iran ended,
Confucian, Trajan, Greek, the Christ. They hold
Fair things to give us life, to lend us lustre,
Which from all times pour forth ;
They cast from the great ports whence forces muster,
East, west, the south, the north !

BEST TIMES.

Were only old times good times ?
Were courage, culture, art
Or kindness, only of some past
In which we have no part ?

O, quickly set about, friend,
Lift thyself high, to see
From clearer poise, our times and men,
If mean or great they be !

Is work not now much for work's sake,
With honor finest care ?
Do God and good not now know true,
Dear handclasp everywhere ?

Where dwells not light of courtesy?
Where makes not virtue true?
Where does the earth not faithfully?
Where are the skies not blue?

Where now is good not written
In its greater lines, as God?
Are any blind, save wilfully,
To whither man has trod?

THE PRESENCE.

(R O M E)

It floats as fine idea,
It fills me till I know
Myself no whole, but thy dear soul,
And in all light I go!

With white, still'd hands, thou liest,
A form and dust somewhere;
While I, thy spirit essence,
Woo softly, from the air!

Thou whisperest in the silence,
Thou namest all in me;
I lay my life down never,
Till I have lived in thee.

To truths of things of thinking,
To help to solve the things
Prophetic souls have spoken,
Thou lendest richest wings.

NATURE.

And where is the end of natural law,—
Where Will takes reign over Instinct's draw?

Some say it ends not, but that the Will,
Tho law of the spirit, is nature's still.

That to Mind from matter, to Will from clod,
Are the steps up, up, of the Immanent God.

THE ARTIST'S FAITH.

That thou livest, my soul, I believe ;
That thou hast love and right to it, my lance.
That here thy sphere, thy genius ; thus I cleave,
I dedicate, renew, I consecrate
To thee, all I revere, each hour I live.

Each hour I live I all thy graces own ;
My prayer, to reach the uttermost of all
Thy spirit, powers and beauties can make known.
Each hour I dedicate, I consecrate,
My truest service ; all would I intone.

HAIL POETS! WAKE POETS!

Hail poets, wake poets ! thine be the white, true hands
To fetch from the lyre
The diviner fire,
That the world-soul understands !

Hail poets, wake poets ! doth life need the poet no more ?
While the skies are blue
Or the brooks run true,
'Tis always the poet's hour.

Hail poets, wake poets ! wind you your horns at the dawn !
With laugh and with song,
And with heart's cheer along,
And with all sweet love, come on !

Hail poets, wake poets ! O, the world for its weariness,—
It is tired today ;
O, the world needs play ;
With your songs break its duress !

THE ACTOR.

* * *

Art lives if live the soul
And the artist read great his part ;
For the human race was idead in grace,
And its beautiful help is art.

Men live in the artist's work ;
And men, when art is great,
Are in the lead of the gods indeed,—
Then brave and true the state !

* * *

A BALLAD OF MEXICO.

On the beach, at old Tampico, where the moon was shining
clear,
Sat a fat Americano, with a little lady near.

Bold, he had one arm around her, and he held her dainty hand,
While he told her of his mortgages and stocks and bonds and
land,

That he had in some great country, lying off beyond the seas,
Where the things of market value, they had mighty powers to
please.

And he told her of his prowess, how he played 'most any game,
Till he filled her head with nonsense, and with yarns he did the
same.

Fair explained he what were margins, and availability;
That a climax was approaching it was more than plain to see.

Little Mexicana, silent, lent him most attentive ear;
Pleased she at his talk of money; pleased she at the moonlight
clear.

And so ecstatic grew he that he almost squeezed her hand,
When a great big water-spider stuck its head up through the
sand.

To his relatives he wigwagged, "Something doing on the shore" !
And there came, in half a minute, quite three hundred thousand
more.

Now the tourists at Tampico, where the water-spider dwells,
Think that it is a tarantula, and they stay in their hotels.

And they quake and fear and tremble, and most awful lies they
swap,
Of how they've done tarantulas, until they couldn't stop.

But never at Tampico,—always under distant skies ;
So they quake and fear and tremble, and they put each other
wise.

And the fat Americano, tho o'ergreat at times his fears,
Would risk much for little ladies, if they'd lend their pretty ears.

So he kept on talking values, till he knew not where he was ;
For lo, the beach all round him was full of tarantulas.

Brave was Mexicana, silent, as she saw them closing round ;
But she feared not water-spiders,—knew she old Tampico
ground ;

When this monstrous, long-legged fellow rose right up before
them there,
And the fat Americano leaped him, shrieking, high in air !

But on came the spiders, rushing, just as far as eye could see,
And he leaped him, and he shrieked him, and he fell down in
the sea !

And O, the spiders marveled then, the awful splash to hear,
In the blue Tampico waters, where the moon was shining clear !

Quick they fetched them long lines, curling, fetched they tri-
dent-hooks, at hand ;

And they grappled and they reached him and they drew him
safe to land.

Some for warming-pans they ran them, shawls and hoods and
rugs, amain,

While Americano silent sat, and held to his watch-chain.

Cups of pulque-drinks they gave him, and warm beans they fed
him well ;

Then, at Mexicana's orders, led him safe to his hotel.

And the waters lapped the rumpled sands all smooth again, and
white

Lay the beach of old Tampico, calm and fair in the moonlight.

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE LETTER.

It is one thing to be master,
And another, not to know
How all radiant life leaps faster,
At love's sympathetic glow.

It is one thing to guard treasure
Of the beautiful of truth ;
Heap'd aglow, in score and measure,—
Breathings they of love and youth ;

Swing baton to cool vibration,
Beautiful my only good ;
True, to pour, as grand libation,
All the masters understood ;

It is one thing, while I see thee,
To escort these mists of sound ;
And another, to set free the
All of lessons masters found !

* * *

It is one thing to be master,
And another, quite, to call
All this brood, without disaster,
From the far depths of Valhall !

Dear romance, it must be ending ;
I labor here, must find
As emotion all-transcending,
Stern forbearance, will and mind.

Will must I be,— home and honor ;
Thou, life's ecstasy, afar ;
Never shall such woe dwell on her
I have ta'en for household star.

* * *

It is one thing to be woman,
And another, quite, to save
All there is of best, in human,
From the deep depths of its grave.

All these little lines aflaming
With that holier thought of thine,
Do but free man from its claiming,
As a draught of heavenly wine!



NOV 29 1907

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 443 9